





## THE SUNDAY UNION.

SUNDAY, JUNE 1, 1890.

ISSUED BY THE

SACRAMENTO PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Office, Third Street, between J and K.

THE DAILY RECORD-UNION,

Published six days each week, with Double Sheet on Saturdays, and

THE SUNDAY UNION,

Published every Sunday morning, making a

complete Sunday paper.

For one year, \$6.00

For six months, \$3.50

For three months, \$2.00

For one month, \$1.00

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the full Associated Press dispatches from all

parts of the world. Outside of San Francisco,

they have no competitors either in influence or

circulation, and general circulation throughout the

State.

Weather Forecasts for To-day.

California—Fair weather, preceded by light

rain in the extreme northern portion; south-

westly winds; slightly warmer in Northern

California.

As a Chinese funeral procession moved

through the streets of New York last

week it was assaulted by showers of stones

thrown from the hands of New Yorkers.

In California no such scene as that was

ever witnessed. But how long has it been

since New York papers spoke of Califor-

nians, because of their opposition to Chi-

nese immigration, as "Western rowdies?"

The women of Topeka, Kan., have

organized a league to resist the authority of

the United States Government, and to

prevent, by force, the coming into the

State of those articles that are the subjects

of interstate commerce. Very well, if the

women of Topeka rise in rebellion and

employ force against authority of the

laws they should be treated precisely as

other rebels. Rebellion will not be

permitted to barricade with petticoats.

The "Nativists" are the enemies of the

Bennett school law in Wisconsin, and

resolution, those who are in favor of Eng-

lish in the common schools. It may turn

out that a designation applied in ridicule

will be adopted by those who are in this

singled out. We do not believe in politi-

cal organizations according to nativity,

but if there could be any apology for them

it would be found in the application of

the designation "Nativists" as the

resolutions adopted by the German Cath-

olic Convention in Milwaukee.

The New York Grant Monument Asso-

ciation has confessed its inability to raise

the money necessary to erect a monument

over the tomb of General Grant. It now

asks Congress to appropriate the amount

necessary to make up the New York defi-

ciency. It is to be hoped that Congress

will refuse point blank that it will not

appropriate money to erect at the National

Capital a suitable monument or memorial

chapel, and that the remains of the great

American captain will be removed from

New York to Washington. If the people

of New York do not experience humili-

ation at the failure of their association they

are insensible to emotion.

Twelve men are held in jail in an Illi-

nois case on charges of having sold their

votes. This is a most alarming state of

affairs. If these "reformers" are getting

such a momentum in their purification

crusade that men are to be locked up for

traffic in votes, where will some of the

cities and towns and districts of the coun-

try of which all the people know, bring up

to? Is this a free country? Shall not a

man sell his vote if he wants to? Shall

not we teach Dutch and Bohemian and

Polish in the schools? To the exclusion of

English, if we so desire? Shall we not

vote early and often, and bring the gov-

erning to the polling booth, if we are so

disposed? Shall we not, if we wish, gerry-

mander Congressional districts, and "fix

things" so that a majority cannot secure

representation? Shall we not "pull half"

at the polls, brow-beat and terrorize, if we

choose? In short, is this a free country

any longer? That's the question.

Has it occurred to the people of Oak-

land and San Francisco that the falling off

of children in the population in those

cities, as shown by the school census re-

ports, may, in large part, be accounted for

by the fact that marriage is much dis-

couraged by the present system of having

women enter all kinds of business? Has

it occurred to any one that the advent of

women into business walks discourages

child-bearing, and that the decline in the

juvenile census returns may have a phys-

ical reason, and is not touched by moral

conditions? If we are not greatly mistaken

the census of 1890 will startle the whole

country by certain revelations. The truth

is, that we are, as rapidly as we possibly

can do it, unsexing the women of the race

by encouraging them to enter into busi-

ness and other walks that are destructive

of domesticity, and that are at war with

the true purposes and highest offices of a

woman's life.

OFFICIAL SLIGHTSHIPS.

In the matter of pushing local improve-

ments, our authorities are entitled to the

highest premium for laggard activity. De-

spite what the lawyers may say, one-half

of the dispiriting delay in getting the ma-

chinery into motion for the submission of

the question of city aid to street improve-

ment to the popular vote has been unneces-

sary, is inexcusable and was due to mere

negligence, or else to flat incompetency.

There is no reason in the law and no ex-

cuse that is valid for the waste of three

months' time in getting such a question

on a vote. It is, in fact, nothing less than

shameful that the middle of July will be

upon us before we have decided this

important matter of all others, in which

the most might have been accomplished

at the least cost, and to be wasted in in-

activity.

It is clear that we need an injection of

snap, "viegner," life, competency and

spirit into the municipal reins of Sacra-

mento. As things are now run we can get

## BAILEY'S THREE FINGERALS.

In some parts of the South it is the cus-

tom to preach the funeral of the deceased

long after the deceased has been buried.

In fact, nearly all of the preacher's work

consists of funeral orations. Sometimes a

new circuit rider, to endear himself to the

people, will first announce himself by de-

claring that he will entertain his beloved

hearers with a few remarks on the life,

character and death of old Anderson Lips-

comb, who surrendered to the demands of

the great high sheriff of death just forty-

three years ago yesterday.

Recently Simeon J. Boyle, a circuit

rider of the old school, was appointed by

conference to take charge of the Black

Sulphur Springs circuit. He was known as

a powerful agitator, a man who could

raise the soft hair of the skin into the

strife of bristles of fear. The day after

Boyle had arrived in the neighborhood of

his new charge he was called upon by

Wiggs, Baileys and a well-known

character of the community, a man of

unfettered nerves, of strong arms, and an

appetite that had never been known to

fail.

"What can I do for you?" the preacher

asked, when the visitor had introduced

himself.

"I've called to pay my respects an' to

tell you that you've earned my services

an' I'll be glad to pay 'em." "I appreciate the position

you hold as a worker for the Lord, an' I

want to be a favor of you."

"I'm right, brother. Best feller you ever

seen in your life. I've been here ten or fifteen

years. Great, big feller, whipped old Oscar

Miles, and I'll tell you, now you preach his

funeral an' I'll make it all right with

you."

"I will do it, brother. What was the

cause of his death?"

"Lack of licker."

"What was he so addicted to the use of

liquor that it gave out and he could

no longer stand any more?"

"Oh, no; he never was much of a hand

to drink."

"Then how did he die on account of the

lack of liquor?"

"Why, he was hit by a rattlesnake, an'

as he didn't have no licker he just

naturally died."

"And you want me to preach his

funeral?"

"Yes, an' you kin get in some powerful

work when you get down into the facks

of his lyn' that sufferin' for licker. You

kin catch the towns folks an' make 'em

every eye in the house."

"I see; but a description of his death, no

matter how vivid, will not be enough.

Tell something of his life."

"Well, he was the poorest fellow in the

town. Reckon he could lift more at a

handspan than any man 'bout here."

"But what were his strongest points?"

"Well, he was a real rascal, with the

ketch-a-ketch-a-ketch rule."

"But had he not some moral quality?"

"Oh, yes. He didn't sweat 'cept when

he was drinkin' hisself."

"Well, I will do the best I can. Will

next Sunday?"

"Yes, suits me all right. That'll be a

big crowd out, specially as this is your

first appearance, an' I want you to paint

like a bright as a rose."

"Yes," said the preacher, scratching his

head. "I'll do that. Your brother was a

big, powerful man, was he?"

"Poplar as a basket of ginger cakes at a

county fair."

"All right, brother. I'll be on hand

next Sunday. The house was crowded on the

following Sunday. Wiggs took a seat near the

pulpit, and taking out an immense handker-

chief—he must have been the half of a

barrel—made him feel the heat of the sun

and crying, in an agonized voice, "Licker,

oh! bring me licker, or I will perish."

After services were over Wiggs shook

his head, and the preacher, then, break-

ing down under the weight of his emotion,

wheeled about and disappeared in the

woods.

On the following Saturday Wiggs called

on the preacher again. "I've come to see

the visitor, when the minister had shaken

hands with him, "to tell you that not only

but everybody is delighted with the

brotherly sermon."

"I am highly pleased to hear it."

"Not at all. Say, I've got another favor

to ask."

"What is it, brother?"

"I want you to preach the sermon of my

brother like again next Sunday."

"Why that wouldn't do at all."

"Because I preached it last Sunday."

"Brother, let me tell you that I come

mighty high runnin' this here community.

I put five of the main logs in that church

building, and I've been here ever since. I

want you to preach brother like's funeral

again next Sunday, y'w'll take the logs

that I long to me an' split 'em up for fire-

wood. Oh, don't you think the folks will

take you?"

"Oh, rather than have any trouble,

brother, I will do as you suggest."

"Will you make it as powerful as the

other ones?"

"I will try," said the preacher.

The next Sunday the people were some-

what surprised to hear another sermon on

the virtues and life of brother like, but

no objections were raised. Wiggs was

again deeply affected, and again with

overpowering emotion he disappeared in

the woods.

Early on the following morning the

preacher was surprised to receive another

visit from Wiggs.

"What can I do for you this time,

brother?" the minister asked.

"Nothin' but to preach the funeral of my

brother like next Sunday."

"Absurd!" exclaimed the preacher. "I

have preached the sermon twice, and think

that I have done my duty."

"Look here, Cap'n—call you Cap'n 'cause

you're 'bout to go away—my brother

like has been here ten or fifteen years, and

with nary a funeral sermon till the

other day, while lots of old fellows that

never done nuthin' for the country had

a dozen funerals each. I don't see how

you can say, 'I've done my duty,' with

so, I think it's time for like to have a

chance. Hear me?"

"I hear, but I do not hearken. The fact

that your brother has been neglected is no

fault of mine. There are hundreds of men

that never had a funeral, but an I to be







